

Good Morning

\$45

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



ARE these marvels coming:—

Submarines that need not surface for days or return to their depot for weeks? Jet-planes that will be able to fly over enemy territory for days without refuelling? Underground gardens, where sufficient food for the nation can be produced regardless of sunshine?

Fantastic? It is only two or three years since Professor Krasny-Ergen, of Stockholm, started to build the first experimental plant for the extraction of Uranium-235. Just to begin with, U-235 is an element containing a new and inexhaustible source of tremendous energy.

Oy there
Sailors!
No need
now to
go to town
like this

(See back page)

Gramophones Smash Records

GRAMOPHONE records are selling better than ever before, despite a shortage of raw materials. As well as new discs, second-hand copies of old and popular songs are in great demand. To try to cope with this new demand companies ask purchasers of new records to co-operate by returning an old disc when they go to buy a new one.

Old gramophone discs can be used for other recordings after being processed.

During the past few months ambitious plans have been formed, especially in the United States, for making the gramophone one of the essential pieces of furniture in the post-war home.

About two homes out of every three have a gramophone to-day.

It is expected that before long—war conditions permitting—this figure will have risen to seven out of eight.

The great range of recordings has made the gramophone reach heights of popularity that were not anticipated a few years ago. The coming of radio, too, has made singers and bands better known, with the result that folk want to buy a favourite song or dance if it is recorded.

Two of the most popular recording artistes in this country are Vera Lynn, the 26-years-old East Ham girl, and the one and only Bing Crosby.

Vera, who started with a juvenile troupe at £2 10s. a week, now sells more records than Bing Crosby in Britain—a large percentage of them to men of the Forces.

She makes three or four recordings a month and receives a royalty of a half-penny on every disc sold. Her signature tune, "We'll Meet Again," sold over 20,000 copies—and still shows no sign of losing its appeal.

Bing Crosby received £74,000 for records during 1942. He once insured his money-making voice for £20,000!

Other very popular artistes "on record" in Britain, especially among the fighting men, are Flanagan and Allen, Arthur Askey, Gracie Fields, Deanna Durbin and Bob Hope.

Gramophone records, too, have brought some dramatic moments into our homes.

The recording of a commentary of a dog-fight over the white cliffs of Dover sent a thrill around the world, and occupies a place of honour among many a collection.

Recordings exist, too, of many of the Prime Minister's most wonderful speeches.

This assures that generations to come will hear a master of English rhetoric during one of the most memorable periods of our history.

The old gag, "What did Gladstone say...?" can be answered, for there exists a record made by the famous statesman and recorded for the Edison Phonograph Company in 1890.

Other famous people who have left behind a recording of their voice include Queen Victoria, Florence Nightingale, Sarah Bernhardt, Irving, Tree, Caruso and Tennyson.

Tennyson recorded three of his poems while lying on his death-bed. They are still in existence. The voice of the illustrious poet brings out all the beauty of his lines.

The rising sales of gramophone records in Britain is surpassed by American sales. It may be some time before band-leader Jimmy Dorsey's record gross sales in 1941—4,500,000 discs—is beaten.

Dance bands and popular singers, with one or two exceptions, have a limited appeal. At the same time, it is noticeable that serious music is growing more popular. The war has resulted in this turn to classical and concert music, and there is no reason why, when the war has been won, this should not continue.

Scientists Seek Wonder-Energy

U.235 may change our lives

Mark Priestley
tells the story



would happen if science discovered a metal which had merely to be dropped into a tank of water to produce enough steam or explosive power to run a factory?

Can you see submarines taking in sea-water, spurring it on their tablets of wonder metal, and racing forward? Such a metal is already known to science. It is U.235.

With U.235 in a tank, it is as though a thousand invisible fireworks were heating the water. Water and U.235 in a railway engine mean "good-bye" to coal.

Enlivening a little domestic lump of U.235 by automatic means may mean the production of a better and cheaper light than electricity.

U.235 creates energy at the rate of 5,000,000 times an equal volume of coal. All that it needs for the release of energy is water. This is not merely a probability. It is a known fact.

The snag is that scientists do not yet know how to extract U.235 easily and cheaply from its parent metal, uranium.

In experimenting with this long-sought practical source of atomic power they are still blundering in the dark. Uranium can be had by the lorry-load for about 5s. a pound.

Locked in the uranium lies U.235, and the best-known method of extraction at present is so slow that it would take 11,995,000 years to release a pound.

To speed it up would take millions of pounds, and no nation in the world could afford to build a factory for the process.

Professor Wilhelm Krasny-Ergen, of the Wenner-Grens Institute, Stockholm, for instance, claims that he has discovered a way of producing two pounds of U.235 in a week.

The cost of the extracting plant, however, runs into six figures—and there is a chance that Professor Krasny-Ergen may be wrong.

So far, scientists are blundering in the dark, trying to open the deposit vault of atomic energy.

In peace-time it may make energy so cheaply that it won't be worth making a charge for it. Free, or dirt-cheap, light, heat and power for homes, trains, and ships are possibilities that you may live to see.

In step with the fulfilment of the Atlantic Charter will come an era of unparalleled richness and opportunities, backed by U.235.

With U.235, matter-of-fact physicists declare, cars will be able to travel without petrol and trains without coal. Ships will be able to use sea-water for power, and planes will need neither oil nor propellers.

In the flimsiest building, U.235 will be able to maintain a constant temperature, high or low.

It may help to evolve new

foods and plants, grown indoors, away from the whims of weather.

If these amazing atomic possibilities are realised, we shall see rooms without lamps, yet blazing with light, and planes

which will need no aerodromes for taking off, but will, instead, be put into the air by beams of light and power.

Although all this sounds incredible, it is merely a cold re-statement of the hopes of the researchers who are working day and night on U.235.

Uranium was, until recently, the last and heaviest substance in the scale of known elements. It is derived from pitchblende, and in a ton of pitchblende there is some ten pounds of a special kind of uranium.

Concentrated and disposed in a particular manner—already known and understood—there emerges a small quantity of U.235.

Science has so named it because it contains 235 atomic particles. Take it beyond that, and your head begins to whirl, unless you're an Einstein.

Like radium, U.235 gives off both heat and light. Water enables it to smash its own atoms.

Stripped to its essentials, hydrogen breaks up the atoms of uranium, but when you smash one U.235 atom there are two atoms, giving off a billion times more energy. It is power with compound interest.

Can you imagine what

Beneath The Surface

With AL MALE

A YOUNGSTER I know has country lives on the unfortunate of the first section.

And it is mainly due to IGNORANCE... we don't know enough about each other... each class is misrepresented to the other, and the only place where there is equality is in the swimming pool or the nudist camp... where we all sort of start from scratch.

There is a very interesting experiment going on at the moment; boys who had no intention of going into the mines, are finding themselves "beneath the surface," training to become coal miners... and so far... and quite naturally... they are finding it a strange life, to say the least of it.

Having lived in a mining district for many years, I am not in the least surprised... I cannot imagine anyone outside a miner's family, having the courage to go down a mine except on a curiosity trip... and I do not envy these youngsters who have been diverted into something completely opposite to their former surroundings.

Surely, the mistake is in the fact that there should be such extremes. Nobody but an idiot would expect the getting of coal to be anything but an underground job (there are a few instances of outcrop coal) and the tilling of land a surface one... those are just natural extremes and are unalterable... BUT nobody but an idiot would deny that the dangerous and unhealthy job below ground should have some compensations to take the sting out of it, and that the surface worker should not be expected to live on the fresh air in which he works... See what I mean?

It is the business of somebody it is the business of EVERYBODY. And it isn't a

case of "minding each other's business," either.

It is a case of having a spot of consideration for others, of even occasionally stopping to think about the other guy, instead of having as the family motto, "IM in boys, push off."

Maybe, because I have lived amongst industrial workers for many years, I have got a deep-rooted admiration for them.

I know how they triumph over difficulties, I know how cheerful and grateful they can be if given even half a chance... and I know how they help each other when times are bad, or misfortune strikes a comrade... and I know also from experience, what damn fine fighters they can be in war... what fine people they ARE.

They have not got the monopoly of the virtues... neither have they all the faults.

Isn't it time we looked around and took stock?

Isn't it time we talked less "Brotherhood of Man" and more "ACTED like brothers?"

We can all be comrades in war... the whole country can have ONE cause and one object, and get down to the job of sacrificing all to that cause

... ALL and EVERYTHING, regardless.

Why should there be unanimity only in destruction?

Those boys who have been drafted into the mines, will have a lesson they would never have had... they will see another side of life they never knew existed.

The whole country, too, is seeing a side of life it didn't want to know the existence of. Surely, those boys and WE are going to learn something from all this. Surely the fraternising, both international and at home, is going to clear a lot of misunderstanding.

This is the greatest opportunity the world has ever had of making a new start.

Peace is going to provide bigger problems than war.

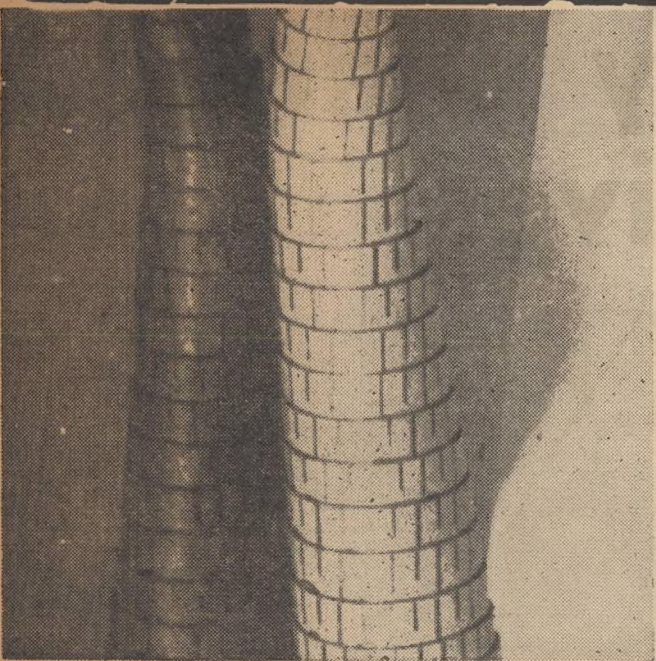
If the world decides to rebuild on a foundation of anything resembling the doctrine of Christ, then something will have been achieved.

A VERY simple doctrine. But it excludes Greed, Hatred and selfishness, and builds the new world on rock instead of quicksand.

And gives EVERYBODY a feeling of security in consequence.

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

SUNDAY FARE



WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was Biscuits.

CRACKERS
COSTUMES—
FOR MEN

FREAKISH new men's styles were a hobby with Sir Francis Bacon. He transferred his giddy ideas to paper, employed tailors to transform them into cloth, and then hired men to wear his weird creations and stroll about the streets of London.

While we're on fashion gossip, what price the young man of the 1830s who had a tress of his girl-friend's hair woven into a braid for his coat—or the undeniable fact that at one time Chopin raised whiskers on only one side of his face, the side he showed to the audience? Delve into history and you'll find some queer sidelights on mankind.

Way back in the 16th century, for instance, a law was introduced restricting the use of perfume to men only.

In 1770, when people may have been getting lax again, marriages were annulled if a man could prove that a woman had trapped him into matrimony by the use of scents.

In June, 1823, it is recorded that the smartest beaux had left off wearing stays.

Their waistcoats, added a fashion note, descended very low and were laced like corsets instead. The young men about town wore chintz waistcoats.

Fifty years before this, young men had been attracting attention by preposterous hats—some four feet high—adorned with feathers and flowers.

Preposterous? Don't forget the craze in the 1920s for Oxford bags—zoot suit trousers in green, purple, and even pillar-box red. Or the fact that tough Arizona cowhands still wear five-inch high heels.

The early kings of France dyed their beards gold, believing the colour change took years off their looks.

Hitler wasn't the first to believe that the colour of a shirt could build morale. Nor was Mussolini.

Bright red shirts were worn in Chicago abattoirs to conceal blood stains.

Garibaldi happened to see a shipment which had been returned, and bought the cargo for a few pounds.

The shirts were distributed to his supporters.

Since then, politics have affected green shirts, white shirts, black shirts, brown shirts—and there have been, too, the gold shirts of Mexico.

There is a Buckinghamshire architect to-day who believes that the civilisation of art and dress reached its peak two cen-

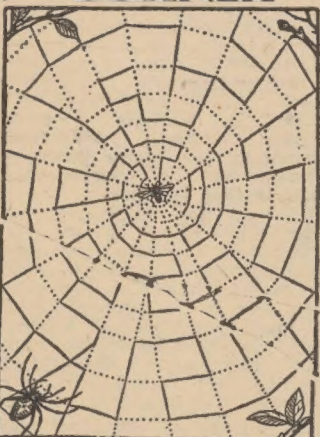


turies ago—and he wears the wig, silken breeches, waistcoat and buckled shoes of the period.

His library contains no books published after 1770.

Petrol rationing leaves him unaffected, for he long since replaced his car with an ancient coach.

He has a kindred spirit in a London doctor, who, in his own home, wears the toga of ancient Rome as "cool in summer and warm in winter."

PUZZLE
CORNER

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY. Start at the Spider, and see if you can catch the Fly at your first attempt—moving over the continuous lines only.

Solution to "Do You Know?" in S 44.

(1) There are eight chief planets, which revolve about the sun and comprise the solar system. They are Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune.

Richard Keverne Reports Romantic Treasure Hunt
OLD SUTTON HOO HOARD
DISCOVERY

ONE of the most romantic buried treasure hunts ever undertaken in England was interrupted by the outbreak of the war.

It will be started again as soon as the war is over.

But already by August, 1939, a treasure hoard the like of which had never been known in this country had been found. In the excitement and turmoil of those days the news of that find was soon forgotten.

The treasure itself was hurried to the British Museum, where the more delicate objects of plate and jewellery were given expert treatment to preserve them from further harm.

Then this wonderful collection of gold and silver and precious stones was rushed to safe keeping, its examination postponed, and, so far as the public knows, this 1,300-year-old treasure is still hidden somewhere safe from bombs and war damage.

A BARROW-LOAD.

A profound mystery surrounds this immensely valuable treasure, which as yet has only partly been solved.

It was found in a barrow or burial mound erected on the bare heathland at Sutton Hoo,

overlooking the tidal river Deben, near Woodbridge, in Suffolk.

It consisted of gold and silver ornaments, some of them jewelled and enamelled, silver dishes and plates, forty gold coins and two small ingots of gold in a magnificently jewelled purse, and other minor, though intensely interesting, articles.

Some of the heaviest of the gold ornaments had once formed the hilt and decorations of a sword and its scabbard.

Its value in precious metal alone is great, but its value from an historical and artistic point of view cannot be estimated.

Students have stated that the find is the most important ever made in England, and that when it has been examined it will doubtless tell more about the social life of East Anglia and England generally in the Dark Ages than has ever before been known.

To whom this treasure belonged is one of the mysteries. All that is established is that it belonged to an Anglo-Saxon King or Prince who died about 640 A.D. or a little earlier. Possibly his name was Redwald, a king about whom something is known.

MOUNTAIN, WOOD
AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

BLUEBELL'S ORPHAN
CALF

THIS was her first calf, and because she'd no great quantity of milk, Bluebell was allowed to keep it.

She then, after a few days, showed promise of giving more milk than was required to bring up a calf, so the calf was taken away and Bluebell joined the dairy herd.

This always causes an uproar for a day or two, which is why it is always better for the cow and calf to be separated at birth.

Bluebell was no exception—all day the pastures echoed to the bellowings of a cow deprived of her calf, while the farm buildings were enlivened by the plaintive wail of a calf bereft of its mother.

Before noon, Bluebell came bellowing around the sheds, her horns wreathed in bits of broken hedge, and a wild, determined look in her eye.

With only the calf-pen door between them, Bluebell and her calf set up a chorus that demanded instant attention—if only for the sake of restoring peace and quietness—and Bluebell won the first round.

Having about enough milk to rear two calves, it was decided to put another calf on along with her own—and Bluebell lost on the second round.

She fought hard against adopting spare babies, and when the little stranger touched her teats, she put her horns under its hind-end and tipped it over.

It was a plucky little calf,

and while someone held the unwilling foster-mother by the nose, it returned to the charge after each rebuff, shaking its tail with pleasure, in spite of an occasional rap from Bluebell's hind leg.

Cows—and sheep even more so—seem to rely on the sense of smell more than of eyesight to pick out their own youngsters, which raises the point: Has each animal its own particular family smell?

If this is so, 100 sheep must have 100 different shades of smell.

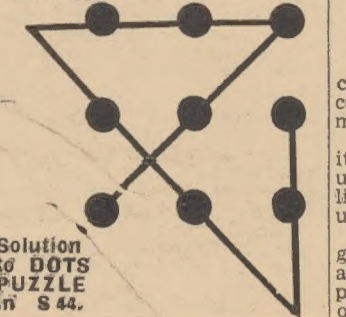
It was noticed that Bluebell never drove away the little stranger without first smelling it to make sure it was the unwanted calf—and the cowman took advantage of the fact.

When her own calf had taken its fill, he wiped the milky froth from its mouth and smeared it on the unwanted calf's back.

Bluebell sniffed and began to lick—then, finding her mistake, butted it away. The cowman persisted with his method, and Bluebell became hopelessly lost.

The little stranger seems now to have contracted Bluebell's own particular family smell, for she dotes on it and licks it with the same affection bestowed on her own infant.

Amber, because, as men had known for many hundreds of years, when a piece of amber is rubbed with cloth it acts as a magnet to small light objects. The word "electricity" first appeared in print in 1650.



Solution to DOTS PUZZLE in S 44.

His royal residence was at Rendlesham, only four or five miles from where the treasure was found; and at Rendlesham two hundred and fifty years ago a silver crown weighing 60 ounces was dug up.

Redwald is remembered, too, as a Christian king with a heathen queen, who, in order to satisfy his religion and his wife's, built a church with both a Christian and a pagan altar in it.

The treasure was found in a ship that had been buried under the barrow. But—and this is a thing that puzzles the experts—Redwald, or whoever the Prince may be to whom the treasure belonged, was not buried with it.

They found no trace of ashes or bones in the ship.

UNDER THE TURF.

The vessel was undecked, 85 feet long, 14 feet in beam, and with a depth of four feet. It was clinker-built, designed to be propelled by 38 rowers.

Amidships a gable roof had been erected over a chamber 17 feet long, looking rather like a Noah's Ark, the excavators say. This roof was covered with turf, and in the chamber the treasure was found.

It was nearly found four hundred years ago, for when they were digging in 1939 they came upon traces of a previous excavation, with remains of a fire and pieces of broken pottery of Queen Elizabeth's time.

Those early diggers had stopped just too soon. Had they gone on for another few feet they would have broken into the treasure chamber.

It is pretty certain that this earlier excavator was a certain Doctor Dee, a notorious alchemist, who was known to be treasure hunting in barrows in the neighbourhood in the late fifteen-hundreds.

So much for the treasure that has been recovered. Possibly there is more to be found.

The barrow or burial mound from which this priceless hoard

was taken is the biggest of one of a group of eleven. Students think this group formed what might be described as a royal cemetery. Only four of those barrows have yet been opened.

One of them contained a smaller ship and certain articles of interest. It is not expected that any of the remaining seven will contain articles in any way to be compared in value with those found in the large barrow.

MORE TO COME?

But it is hoped that many things will be uncovered that may help to throw more light upon the history of the royal hoard. The work will proceed just as soon as it is possible to begin it.

Excavation of this kind is not merely a matter of pick and shovel. It has to be carried on with the utmost care lest valuable objects are damaged.

Things like wood and textile fabric often dissolve into dust when, after so long, they are exposed to the air. Metal has often corroded. So, as the earth is carefully turned aside, experts examine it minutely.

Should a portion of some object be disclosed, its surrounding sand or earth is patiently brushed away—at Sutton Hoo they used biggish painter's brushes for this purpose—and when the long-buried object is sufficiently freed it is removed with the greatest tenderness, often placed in an airtight case and removed to the laboratory for chemical treatment if necessary. This particularly applies to silver which corrodes badly.

It is likely that not long after the war we shall be told the history of this dead-and-gone Prince, whose death thirteen hundred years ago was commemorated by the burial in his ship, carried from the water more than half a mile up a steep hill and hidden under a mound of earth on the edge of a bleak heath a hundred feet above the tide.

WONDER-METAL
BOOMS TO-DAY

Says Peter Davis

THIS war age of alloys has brought a boom to a little-known metal—beryllium. It is helping to make planes fly faster and guns last longer.

Two-thirds as light as aluminium, beryllium is one of the lightest metals in the world. Perhaps it was "air-marked" for success; for only hydrogen, helium and lithium are lighter.

Yet when beryllium is alloyed to 98 per cent. soft copper it forms a substance hard enough to cut through steel.

Alloyed with 98 per cent. nickel, it produces the world's highest tensile strength, withstanding a pressure four times greater than the 62,000lb. to the square inch at which structural steel snaps and crumples.

Just before the last war, when the Emir of Afghanistan admired the silver whiteness of an ingot and asked for a beryllium dinner service, scarcely sufficient of the metal was mined to gratify his desire.

Only ten years ago the British Government paid £200 for an experimental sample.

To-day it is being used in chair-springs and typewriters, castings and firing-pins, adding-machines and flying-boats.

Machine tools partly made of it are popular, thanks to the unique safeguard that beryllium alloys do not spark when used against steel.

It is being used in plane engines, not for its lightness alone, but also because it proves more efficient than otherwise when heated.

Assisting in the casting of engines and machinery, beryllium is speeding-up war output because it assists metals to pour more uniformly into a mould and produces castings requiring less subsequent machining.

Although a German named Wohler isolated beryllium a century ago, the laboratories of the world have been engaged in silent struggle for decades to discover its uses.

Henry Ford announced long since that he was going to make planes entirely of beryllium, and had to abandon the project because of the cost. In 1924 beryllium was £24 per lb.

The difficulty was that most beryllium contained so much impurity that it proved too brittle for use. The ancient Egyptians made tough weapons from soft copper with the aid of beryllium, but no one in the modern world thought it had any use except as a basis for the semi-precious stone, the beryl.

It was a young British scientist working at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington, Mr. H. A. Sloman, who probed its structure with X-rays, and finally discovered how to eliminate the last tiny impurity of 0.5 per cent.

Now we know that there is beryllium in plenty in Canada, the U.S.A., Brazil, and the Urals—and, nearer home, in Cornwall, Aberdeenshire, and Ireland. Germany, however, is short of it.

BOCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

HOW does one become a collector of postage stamps? Does it require a big initial outlay of money, a knowledge of stamps, and much time and study? Are there any pitfalls for the innocent? Is the whole stamp business a racket and best left alone?

Working backwards on these questions (they are frequently asked), the stamp business is a racket only in the sense that medicine and the Stock Exchange are rackets.

It is a perfectly honest activity, open at certain points to exploitation by the unscrupulous.



But since, as I have pointed out before, the producers of a nation's postage stamps are the Government themselves, the chances for unfair dealing are fewer than in any other business.

There are no deep pitfalls for the beginner, though he must learn the ropes and know how to buy and sell. A five-pound note would cover the cost of getting him under way, and it could be done on £3.

Time and study are no problems at all. Once the hobby gets hold of you, you lap up knowledge with such gusto as to forget what boredom is, and time just doesn't exist.

How does one start a collection? The answer used to be this: By purchasing a monster packet of stamps, an "all the world" selection, and a "whole world" album to mount them in. In addition, a good catalogue, such as Stanley Gibbons Simplified, still published in war-time at 10s.

When your packet—containing, say, a thousand stamps or more—was sorted and mounted up, you'd see what spaces there were left to fill. Then the fun started. At the end of two or three years you'd find yourself with a collection of anything above 5,000 different items, many of them treasured because of the difficulty of the chase.



You recognised now that the collection had grown unwieldy. The whole world was too big a field, and you'd have to specialise.

You'd take one or two countries which had a strong appeal for you, perhaps as many as half-a-dozen, and get everything they'd ever issued. You'd even hope to pick up a few varieties, or "errors," those expensive plums of the game... and maybe you'd get them for a song from someone who didn't know they were varieties!

You established yourself at this point as a fully-fledged philatelist and could safely be left to your devices.

That is what used to happen, and perhaps still does. But I think you can profit by others' experience and cut out any idea of making a big general collection. If you decide to collect only British Colonials—and these are the soundest investment—don't collect all the colonies.

I reckon that to accumulate all the issues of Great Britain, from the 1840 Penny Blacks up to the present day, but not including the great rarities would require an outlay of £10,000.

On the other hand, if your interests can't be narrowed down to a few countries, then collect only issues of the past thirty years.

In the case of British Colonials, you'd need to go back no further than George VI—these would include the Coronation stamps, a host of pictorials, and war-time printings and colour changes.



I have illustrated this column with three colonial stamps of high face-value, all issued in recent months. The purpose is to draw attention to the importance, when buying new sets, of including in your purchase the high values.

It's not a bit of good buying all values up to 1s. Better far to start at 2s. 6d. and get all values up to £1, or whatever the top value is. The high denominations pay the dividends.

The 10s. St. Paul stamp of Malta, issued in 1919-20, is now catalogued at £32.

Good Morning

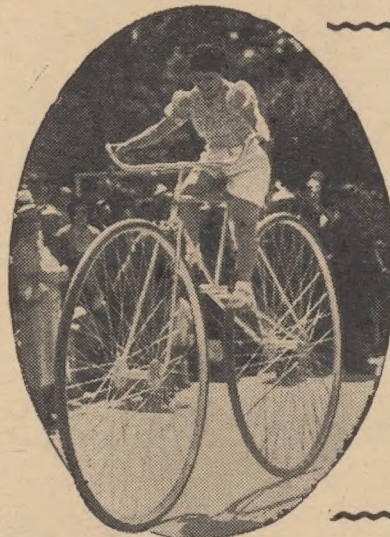
All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division; Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

All Awheel in Seven Styles

You know, fellows . . . the sport of cycling has always been fascinating to us. Believe it or not, but we always found it a subject for deep reflection.



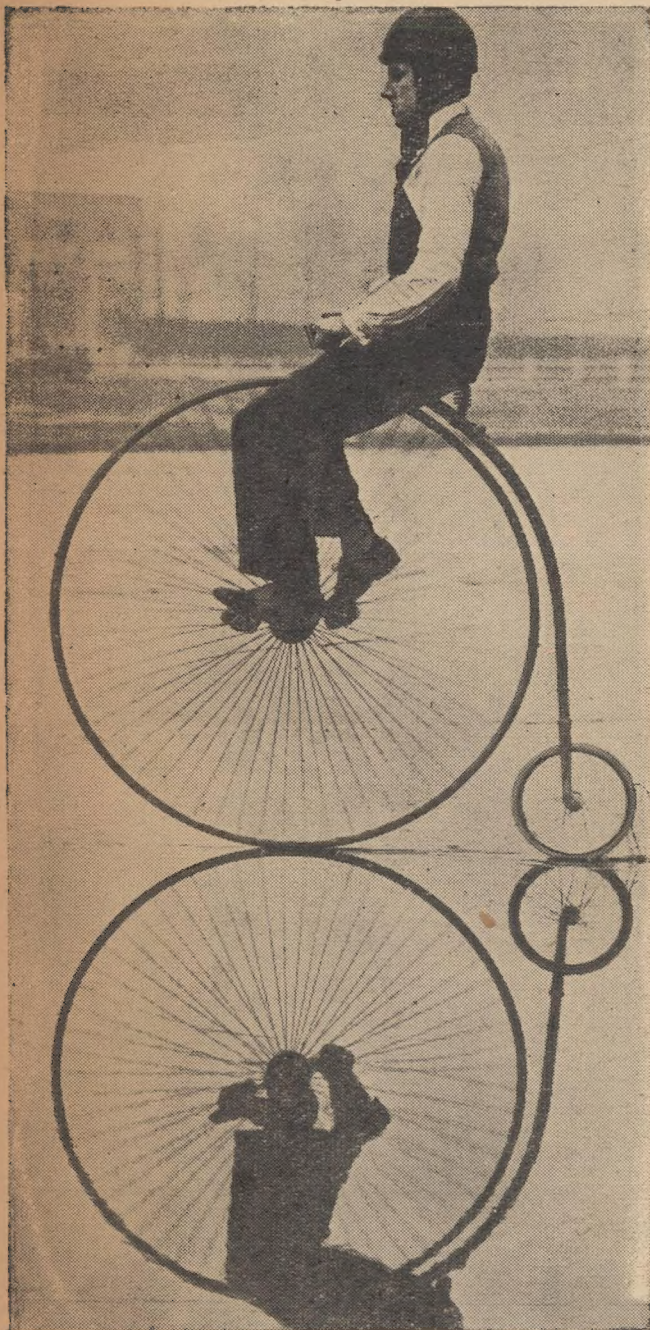
Even from our earliest days we indulged. Bit of a crowd, of course, but then we didn't mind. Kid sister used to swoon with delight, until Paw forcibly reminded her that she wasn't in a sedan chair, and he'd be damned if he'd walk, anyway.



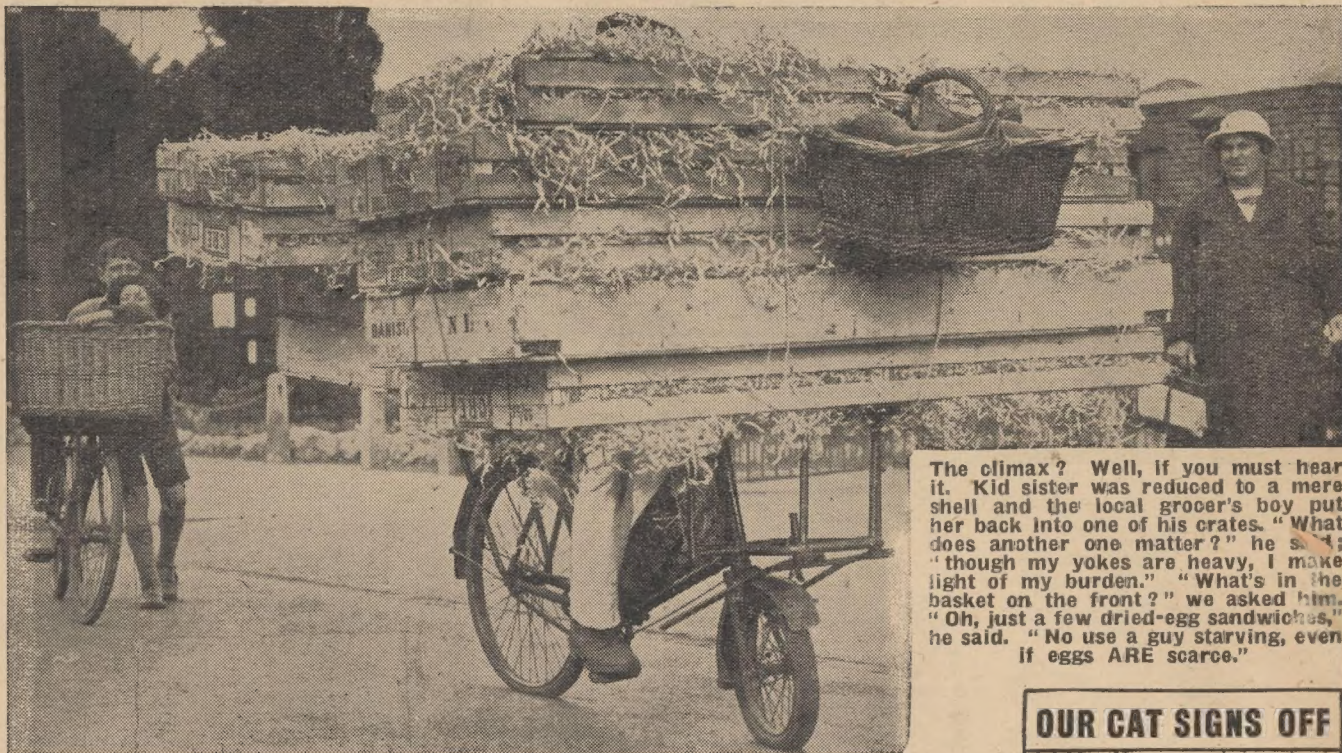
Time passed and kid sister got snooty. Even offered to bet us she'd go from Hyde Park to the Bank on her new coaster. We knew she was getting uppish, though we had to admit she was reaching heights in the cycling world. She said she was "sitting pretty" . . . we had to agree on that, too. Curse the child.



But we never bet on a loser, and Joe (he's the youngest, and a policeman, and hates anything crooked) didn't see why we should change our tactics, so he kindly squared all his pals on point duty. What a traffic jam! Even the bike was reduced to this, and when the darned thing read "Threadneedle Street" . . . boy, oh boy, it just couldn't "cotton on" to the idea. Vanishing down an open manhole, it was heard to murmur "I'm drained to the last drop."



Well, of course . . . what you have been reading is only a story, a fairy story . . . a fairy-cycle story, if you like. But what you are looking at now is a dream come true! Thanks to the efforts of the Raleigh Cycle Company, fifty submariners are able to enjoy the thrill of real cycling during their time ashore while attached to the Third Flotilla. Who knows, maybe YOU will be a lucky one at some future date; even if the date is not in the immediate future, the bikes will be O.K. They have been specially made for you chaps, by which we mean that the Raleigh Company have made it possible for you to have something they consider symbolic of their appreciation of the work of all submariners.



The climax? Well, if you must hear it. Kid sister was reduced to a mere shell and the local grocer's boy put her back into one of his crates. "What does another one matter?" he said; "though my yokes are heavy, I make light of my burden." "What's in the basket on the front?" we asked him. "Oh, just a few dried-egg sandwiches," he said. "No use a guy starving, even if eggs ARE scarce."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Raleigh Round Boys."

